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FEBRUARY, 1947

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

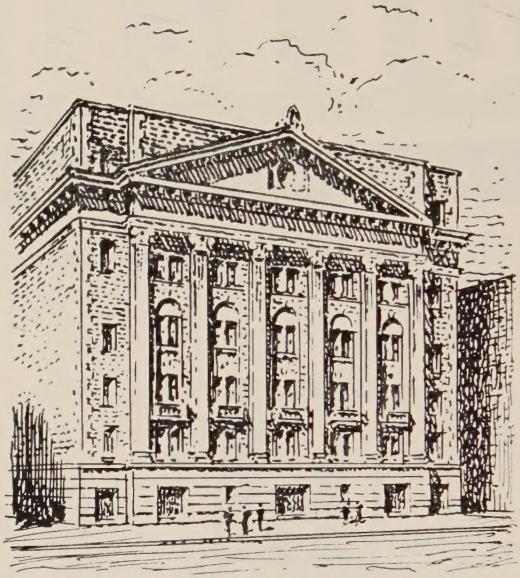
America's Task

With malice toward none;
With charity for all;
With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right,—
Let us strive on to finish the work we are in:
To bind up the nation's wounds;
To care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan;
To do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

—Abraham Lincoln

From The Second Inaugural Address

(From The New Patriotism
Compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIV **February, 1947** *Number 11*

The Great Virginian

Never to see a nation born, hath been given
to mortal man,
Unless to those who on that summer morn
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotions rash.
Out of that scabbard sprang as from its womb,
Nebulous at first, but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of
gloom,
The common faith that makes us what we are.

James Russell Lowell.

The People's Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence at Sheridan

35TH YEAR

Sunday Morning Service—11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD

Sunday Evening Service—7:30 o'clock
Not broadcast—2000 seats

Church School of Religious Education—9:30 a.m.

* * *

Wednesday evening Book Lectures—8 o'clock

FEBRUARY BOOKS

Feb. 5—"On Second Thought"—James Gray

Feb. 12—"Lincoln in Literature"

Feb. 19—"Lydia Bailey"—Kenneth Roberts

Feb. 26—"Walden"—Henry David Thoreau

* * *

Dr. Bradley On The Air

WLS—Every morning at 9:25 (Monday through Friday)
ABC Network. Over 200 stations in the U.S. and Canada,
"Hymns of All Churches" Program.

WGN—Every evening at 6:00 (Monday through Friday)

WJJD—Every Sunday morning the entire church service
is broadcast from 11 to 12:30

"WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

WHENEVER I think of Thanksgiving I think of a hymn that I used to sing as a little boy in Sunday school. It brings back memories of those early days of my childhood and the little white church in Linden, Michigan, which I would not have taken away from me these days for anything in the world. Anyone who does not have the pleasure of the memories of a country church around Thanksgiving time has just missed one of the loveliest memories of life.

Always when I get around to Thanksgiving time I develop an inevitable nostalgia. I don't know whether it is sentiment or sentimentality. There is a difference. I don't know whether it is just an emotion or a great depth of feeling, but when I think of Thanksgiving I cannot help but think about my childhood, because Thanksgiving Day was the one day in our family when nothing ever permitted us to be away from home. That was home day, and we just had the family. Somehow or other, I wish, sometimes, that we could just recapture some of the old, plain, simple, old-fashioned ways that some of us knew, right in the middle of all these new-fangled ideas.

Our little town had less than 500 people in it, but we had three churches . . . why, nobody ever knew, but they had a Methodist, a Presbyterian and a Congregational Church. I think the Presbyterian was first, and then some pioneers came along who were Methodists back in Genesee County, New York. They were second; and then the Congregationalists grew out of a scrap the Presbyterians had, and they founded a Congregational Church. Well, the only time those three churches ever got together was on Thanksgiving Day when they had a Thanksgiving service. And it is interesting to observe that that is still true today on Thanksgiving Day right here in the City of Chicago. Roman Catholic churches, Jewish Synagogues and Temples, and Protestant churches are all uniting in worship. That's the only day in the year when that happens. It does not happen at Christmas. You could not get some of our Jewish friends then, or on some of the other days our Roman Catholic friends; but Thursday of this week in the City of Chicago Catholic priests, Jewish rabbis, and Protestant ministers, and their congregations are going to unite together in a service of gratefulness and gratitude.

Well, it was the same thing in my little home town. We could all get together on Thanksgiving. We could not sit down to the Lord's supper together; they never did that. We did not think the same about baptism. We did not think the same about a lot of things theologically, but we could all be grateful together; that we could do. That is why this day and this Sunday mean so much to me, always more than any other time in the life of the Church.

Well, we had a little song. O, how we would sing it, and how we youngsters loved it! It had a sort of a little thrill to it, a little "oomph." It was not one of those long, expiring things—it had a little "pep" to it. I have always admired old General Booth of the Salvation Army. When he went out and organized his army on the streets of London he was laughed at, perse-

cuted and ostracized. He was speaking to a group of ministers one day in London and one minister got up and said, "General Booth, we do not find any objection to your theology. You are preaching the gospel of Christ; but General Booth, we cannot stand your music, that awful bass drum; and you go down the street with that band and that music; we cannot stand the music." Recently I was talking to General Orsborn of the World Organization, who was in this Church two days with all his workers in this District. Do you know what General Booth said? He looked at those preachers and said: "Brethren, brethren, why do you insist on giving the devil all the good tunes? He gets all the good tunes, and look at your churches, like mausoleums. You groan through music as though you were expiring and unable to get another breath. I have taken some of the devil's tunes and I have put Christ's words to them, and we sing them, and we shall keep on singing them!" I don't think there is anything the matter with that at all, not one thing.

I can see us all in that little church on Thanksgiving Day—Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists—the only time I ever saw the three preachers together in the pulpit. At other times if the Methodist preacher saw the Congregational preacher coming toward him on the same side of the street, he would cross over to the other side and walk down that side of the street. Talking about the Brotherhood of God and of Jesus and they would not speak—what a travesty! But Thanksgiving morning we would all gather in the little church and all sing. It was the habit for the youngsters to get in the front row, and I can just hear myself across the years, more than fifty of them, half a century, sitting there on that front seat singing at the top of my voice: "Count your many blessings, name them one by one," and what a time it was! "Count your many blessings"—are you counting yours? You have a lot of them in spite of John L. Lewis, in spite of U.N., in spite of strikes, in spite of anything in the world that can happen. If America on its own Thanksgiving Day, for 24 hours, would just make up its mind to count its blessings, its *blessings*, and name them one by one, it "would surprise you what the Lord hath done." That's thanksgiving.

You know, really, we have developed into a pretty selfish lot of people. Now, really, haven't we? We just love comfort. O, how we love comfort! Sometimes I think comfort is America's God. We want to be comfortable, so comfortable. We want to press a button and turn summer into winter, and winter into summer; and if we cannot get exactly, at the exact moment, just what we want to eat, we blame it onto Roosevelt; if we cannot go where we want to go as fast as we want to go, we say: "Look what has happened to the nation; it is going to pieces!" If we have to just deviate a little bit from our policy of comfort, ease, protection, safety, security, everything is going to smash! Really, is it? What happened to America? Nothing! We did not lose any machinery by war in our factories here, nor any roofs, and nothing happened to our good earth. You did not have one solitary half acre of American productive soil cursed or polluted by the war! Our fields have never produced such a bumper crop as this year; never such a harvest! Man power! Nothing happened to us, and yet something tragic is the matter. The God of comfort doesn't want to be disturbed; we don't like the idea of resistance, we want everything pretty easy.

Thanksgiving! And a little group of people, with half their number dead from disease and pestilence, making a

little corn bread and cooking wild turkey; thousands of miles away from home; no word in six to eight months; and Redskins waiting behind that rock with bows and arrows; going to church with a Bible in one hand and a musket in the other to protect their lives. *PIONEERS,* strong men who asked no odds, who asked no favoritism, who asked no government to protect them; they asked for no ease. They came to a forest filled with growing trees and they built houses; came to an uncharted prairie and they made a trail across it. They knew nothing of modern science as we know it. They knew nothing of the science of chemistry of the soil as we know it. They had nothing but what? *CHARACTER! THEY HAD CHARACTER!* They were granite men; they were iron men; they did not seek ease, nor comfort; their muscles, both spiritual and material, were muscles of moral excellency! They were *MEN,* and in the darkest hour of their history they thanked God, thanked Him that a few belated raindrops out of the sky saved half a crop. Thanked God for the opportunity of building a great nation!

What about you? What about me? Are we crybabies? Are we complaining cynics? Are we despicable defeatists? Are we on the defensive? *LET AMERICA GET OFF THE DEFENSIVE! A LIFE THAT IS ON THE DEFENSIVE IS A LIFE HALF WHIPPED ALREADY! THE MOMENT WE BEGIN TO EXPLAIN OUR OWN WEAKNESS, AND THE MOMENT WE BEGIN TO FAVOR OUR OWN FAILURE, WE ARE SUNK!* Let America get off the defensive! Let the individual leave the defensive attitude, the constant effort of justification or explanation in order to get an inner case which will explain his own failure. Get off the defensive; get into the offensive psychology! When America begins the stride out and up instead of down and back, you will see what will happen to the future of America! That's the difficulty with us now. We need to change our whole psychology. We need to look at God's men and women, men of steel in their hearts, their lives. It is a beautiful thing to be grateful, grateful for that.

Sometimes I almost wish that I had my ministry in front of me instead of so much behind me. Sometimes I wish I could begin all over again. Sometimes I wish I had thirty-five years more, thirty-five years of tomorrows, and tomorrows, and tomorrows. Ah, I would reiterate again and again, and repeat it a thousand million times: *LET US HAVE THE PIONEER SPIRIT AGAIN! LET US BE ADVENTURERS! LET US NOT BE AFRAID OF IDEAS: IN RELIGION, GOVERNMENT, EDUCATION,* anywhere along the line. . . . *LET'S BE PIONEERS AGAIN AND REALIZE THE DIGNITY AND THE GREATNESS FOR WHICH WE WERE BORN* and not fritter it away in selfishness and greed! Gratitude for that opportunity, it is here! And don't you like people who are grateful? I do. I am just human enough, and I suppose sufficiently enough of the egoist to like to have people be grateful; and when I have preached a good sermon; when I have tried to do something for somebody; when I have gone out here and there, spent my energy and work and life. . . . O, the compensation of somebody taking my hand and looking into my eyes and saying, "Thank you!" It is all the compensation you need. You know, it would stop much of the trouble in homes. Some of you men who courted so ardently and wooed so artistically, and just emanated the spirit of romance until you swept the little girl off her feet with your genius, and then you

finally got the ring on her finger and you were married, and then the romance of it flopped. Would you like to recapture it a little bit at Thanksgiving time? How long has it been since you have quietly—not in front of anybody—I am a little suspicious of these men who are so effulgent when they have company; I do not mean when there was somebody around to see and hear you, but when you have been all alone—how long since you have gone to that same little woman and told her how much she means to you, quietly, all by yourselves? Some of you have not done that for a long time. I have seen a dozen or more women in front of me here punch their husbands with their elbows. . . . Some of you have not done that for a long time. You try it this week; you will see what I mean by gratitude.

And what a lovely week it is, in this little human philosophy that I am talking about this morning. What a lovely week it is to sit down . . . now find time to do this. I have tried to do it since the first of the month. November, to me, is always gratitude month, and I try to sit down each day, and if it is only a postcard (and it frequently is nothing more), I try to think each day of someone who has done something very kind and very nice to me, or for me during the year, and just write a little personal note of gratitude. I try to think of somebody in my life way back yonder. I wrote to one this week, way back in my life as a lad, who was kind to me once and by some strange twist of my memory I remembered the circumstances. I wrote them the other day and told them and said, "All across these long, long years I don't think I have ever told you what it meant to me." O, you should read the letter I got back! I wrote to an old school teacher of mine once, who is now dead, on one of these gratitude months. She taught me my letters; she taught me the first four or five years as a little boy, and I made her a lot of trouble; but after many, many years passed by I wrote her a little letter in which I said, "I don't think I have ever told you how much you mean to me now." Have you written a letter this week to anybody? What a beautiful thing! It is only Sunday. Thanksgiving is not until Thursday. What a lovely thing it would be for everyone in the congregation and everyone listening to just sit down and write a letter to someone who thought you had forgotten. O, the tears that have been shed, the hearts that have ached because they thought you had forgotten, and Thanksgiving is the day for remembering. . . *REMEMBRANCE DAY!* If you will do that, what a day it will be!

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARCTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

THE other day there came to my study desk from The Unity School of Christianity, a card which attracted my attention immediately and which, after reading, I wanted to share with you. One of the great joys of my life has always been sharing good things with others. I think it is one of the secrets of happiness. The card was called, "Beatitudes for a Housewife," written by Mary Mae Oesch.

Because I know that many housewives read The Liberalist and because I feel sure it would be a joy for you to have these beatitudes where you can read them over again and again, I secured permission to pass them on to you:

Beatitudes For a Housewife

Blessed is she whose daily tasks are a labor of love; for her willing hands and happy heart translate duty into privilege, and her labor becomes a service to God and all mankind.

Blessed is she who opens the door to welcome both stranger and well-loved friend; for gracious hospitality is a test of brotherly love.

Blessed is she who mends stockings and toys and broken hearts; for her understanding is a balm to humanity.

Blessed is she who scours and scrubs; for well she knows that cleanliness is one expression of godliness.

Blessed is she whom children love; for the love of a child is more to be valued than fortune or fame.

Blessed is she who sings at her work; for music lightens the heaviest load and brightens the dullest chore.

Blessed is she who dusts away doubt and fear and sweeps out the cobwebs of confusion; for her faith will triumph over all adversity.

Blessed is she who serves laughter and smiles with every meal; for her buoyancy of spirit is an aid to mental and physical digestion.

Blessed is she who preserves the sanctity of the Christian home; for hers is a sacred trust that crowns her with dignity.

Such are the Beatitudes for a Housewife. Webster's dictionary defines Beatitude as: "Felicity of the highest kind; blessedness." I think every one will agree with me that these Beatitudes for a Housewife are just that.—P. B.

"THAT FILTHY LITTLE ATHEIST"

(This is the fourth and concluding instalment of the paper read by Dr. Preston Bradley before the Chicago Literary Club on Monday, October 14, 1946. No extemporaneous speeches or addresses from memory are allowed to be given before this club, thus Dr. Bradley's appearances before the Chicago Literary Club and his radio programs are the only occasions on which he ever uses manuscript. It was thought by the Editors that this paper on the life of Thomas Paine would be of great interest to the readers of The Liberalist. The three preceding instalments appeared in the November, December, and January issues.)

HE CAME back to Baltimore on the 30th of October, 1802, after being away from America for fifteen years, and much had happened. A new generation had grown up, new ideas had come since the time when the whole nation had been grateful to Thomas Paine. The pursuit of wealth had taken the place of the pursuit of liberty, and Paine had no place in such ambitions. Those who maligned him had it all their own way and the New England Paladium, a Federalist newspaper of high standing, when informed before Paine arrived that Thomas Jefferson had invited him, burst into this comment: "What! Invited to the United States that lying, drunken, brutal infidel, who rejoiced in the opportunity of basking and wallowing in the confusion, devastation, and bloodshed, rape and murder in which his soul delights!"

There are those, and I think quite rightly (notably Mr. W. E. Woodward in his biography of Paine, whom he calls "America's Godfather"), who attribute other causes than merely his Deism or his discussions of the Bible in the "Age of Reason" as contributing to his ignoble reputation. They may be found in Paine's political and economic views, for people have been known to suffer because of them as well. From Baltimore Paine sent a letter to President Jefferson announcing his arrival, and said he would be in Washington in a few days. He took a room in a hotel in Washington, brushed up a bit and went over to the Executive Mansion and called on the President.

Paine had known Jefferson for more than twenty years, and after the Washington visit he went to New York and was soon on his way to New Rochelle to look over his property there, which a grateful government had made possible for him. In March, 1803, when he went to New York, he planned to take the stage at Trenton. Everyone who bought a ticket was required to give his name, and when the stage driver heard the name of Thomas Paine he snatched the ticket from Paine's hand, shoved the passage money back to him and said: "You can't go on my stage. Last year my horse wuz struck by lightnin' and killed, and I hain't takin' no more chances."

Thomas Paine died at eight o'clock in the morning of June 8, 1809, at 59 Grove Street, on the lower west side of New York City; and on a bright, sunny day, the sad and shabby funeral procession made its way to the Paine farm at New Rochelle, a trip of about 22 miles. The coffin was carried on a wagon. The only other vehicle was a carriage that had as its passengers Willet Hicks and Madame Bonneville, who was accompanied by two of her young sons. There were also two Negro men who rode on the wagon. They were to lift the coffin and dig the grave. So Thomas Paine, one of the great patriots of the Revolutionary War, the Godfather of the American nation, as Woodward calls him, and the most widely read author of his time, went to his grave. Six people were there:

the Quaker watchmaker, a French woman and her two little boys, and two Negroes.

To William Cobbett the thought of Paine lying on the ground of a country hillside was unbearable and he resolved to do something about it. At the time of Paine's death Cobbett had been in England for several years and he remained there until 1817, and then came back to America and lived on his farm at Long Island. Paine's grave was on the side of a road that runs north out of New Rochelle, and in 1819 when Cobbett returned to England, he made up his mind to take Paine's body with him and to put it in a shrine somewhere in England. He knew he couldn't get permission to remove the body and he resolved to take it secretly.

One night in October of that year, he drove to New Rochelle from New York in a wagon, accompanied by two men. They dug up Paine's body in its coffin and drove away in the direction of the city. Some people who lived nearby saw what was happening and informed the local authorities but it was too late. They had escaped. Soon after Cobbett was able to ship Paine's body to England, concealed in an ordinary merchandise crate. William Cobbett, when asked about the matter said, "I have done myself the honor to disinter his bones. I have removed them from New Rochelle. They are now on their way to England. When I myself have returned, I shall cause them to speak the 'Common Sense' of the great man. I shall gather together the people of Liverpool and Manchester in one assembly with those of London, and those bones will effect the reformation of England in church and state." It all came to nothing. Cobbett kept the skeleton until his death in 1835 and left it to his son. That son went into bankruptcy and the skeleton was seized when his property was taken over, but the Lord Chancellor refused to consider it an asset. For several years the bones were kept by a day laborer and then they passed into the hands of a furniture dealer. Where they are today is unknown.

There could be no more appropriate conclusion to this paper than in the words of William E. Woodward: "At the time of his death, Tom Paine had accomplished more for human freedom, for the abolition of physical and mental slavery, and for the brotherhood of mankind than any other American then living. He did not die in a great house, surrounded by a host of grieving friends. He died in a shabby room in a lodging house, where the vile smells of the backyard and the shrill noises of the street met and mingled. No person of distinction attended his funeral or followed his body to its resting place, and the leading newspaper of New York had the bad grace to say in its obituary that he had lived long, done some good and much harm. But his ill wishers could not destroy his work or prevent his fame. His books are read today by millions of people of every race and nationality. They have been published in all the existing languages, and Thomas Paine is mentioned in the same breath as his famous contemporaries: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, and James Madison. It was Thomas A. Edison who broke the ground for the plain memorial house at New Rochelle, New York, on the 30th of May, 1925. He died in sadness and misery only to rise to a new life in the hearts and minds of men and women born long after Tom Paine had passed away. He has no grave, no last abiding place; his bones are lost; but his presence is still among us. His influence lives on and his contribution to freedom and liberty will last long after the influence of the men who called him "A Filthy Little

Atheist" has been dimmed by the passing of time. His undying confession of faith was "I believe in one God and no more. The world is my country and to do good is my religion. There is no religion higher than Truth." If this be atheism, make the best of it. Thank you.

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

WHEN we prepare copy for the February Liberalist we feel that time is dancing along toward Spring. February indeed? Why, then the next month brings with it the first day of Spring! Today (still January) has been somber, with leaden sky, dirty patches of snow here and there, the rest having thawed, filling the gutters with inky black water. The park, showing pools of water over the black, muddy ground, is unsightly. One wonders how it can ever recover and be green again. But it will! Yes, it surely has been a dull, gloomy, dark day, without the slightest shimmer or suggestion of sunlight—then, at nearly five o'clock, there suddenly seemed to be more light, and I looked out a western window and there across the sky were horizontal bands of the loveliest coral pink, and some deep rose, and in between just the least glimpse of very light blue! Above this amazing color was still the drab sky! It seemed to me like a beautiful uplifting benediction at the close of this dull gray day!

After a few minutes, I began looking through the mail to choose the letters to offer you in the February Mail Bag, and I found so many fine ones it was very difficult to choose only a few. One from Lebanon, Indiana, is a remarkable letter, the expression of a rare soul; the kind of personality one considers it a privilege to meet. Meet her now; she puts herself into her letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Please pardon me for taking this liberty in writing you, but I have been wanting to write you for about ten years, ever since I heard you in one of your sermons at The Peoples Church in Chicago, your subject "Get Out of The Rut." Do you remember? You said when you were a child in school, you had a teacher who always had the same 'hair-do,' which consisted of a little knot at the back of her head. At that time I was very blue and discouraged. Beginning to realize that I was growing old (I'm 83 now; but I was too young then to give up and be laid on the shelf) I took the thoughts I had gained from that sermon and had my long hair bobbed and got a beautiful permanent. It certainly worked. I had an altogether new outlook on life. My husband and I drove a Model-T Ford after that for four years to Florida and back every fall and winter. (He could not drive.) Only two years ago I sold my car. How I have missed it! The only thing I could ever boss without having it talk back to me!

"Now I wish to thank you for all of your most inspiring talks. I listen to you every evening at 6 o'clock. I'm liv-

ing all alone now, since my husband died last July 14th. He was 85 years old. We had been married since 1882, 64 years! It left me so miserable; it was like separating a shrub, or pulling a limb off a tree, leaving the other half to wither and die.

"You gave such a good talk on the last Monday eve of December. Now is such a fine and appropriate time to cleanse our hearts of hate, resentment, and all other things along this line, 'and let the words of our lips and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable' to 'our Lord, our strength and our redeemer.'

"Thank you again for the great help you have been to me. I ask the Lord at all times to let me keep my mentality and give me strength and grace to carry me through this trying time. God bless you and yours, Sincerely, Mrs. Will Grove."

* * *

From nearby Indiana we travel a long distance to the writer of the next letter which comes from Saskatchewan, from Miss Clara Armstrong, who enclosed a little book of her poems—and they are lovely. Here is her letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Will you please accept the enclosed" (little book of lovely poems by the writer of the letter) "as a 'Thank-you' for your talks over the radio, which I enjoy so much. We live in the country—open prairie, now blanketed with snow and to me very beautiful. During the severely cold weather which we are having now, many stations reach us which are heard only faintly during milder weather—another example of life's recompenses. WGN is among these stations. You come to us at five o'clock here, and I enjoy sitting down in the dusk to listen to you.

"Could I have copies of all your talks from Dec. 20th to Jan. 2nd, and would it be possible for me to obtain a copy of the article from which you read extracts regarding the viewpoint of a business man in regard to the study of some of the Bible characters—such as Paul's? Am I making it clear what article I mean?

"This is written hurriedly. Gratefully yours, (Miss) Clara Armstrong."

* * *

And now I come upon a letter sent to General Mills and then forwarded to Dr. Bradley for obvious reasons, as you will see. This very kind letter of thanks and gratitude comes from Lincoln Park, Michigan, and reads as follows: "To the General Mills Hour: Dear People: These are just a few lines to express my appreciation that there is such a fine program on the radio. It helps to make a beautiful beginning for the day. So many lovely hymns, many that I know and which bring me back to childhood days. Others that are such an inspiration for the making of a lovely day.

"Several months ago I was rapidly approaching a nervous breakdown caused by a tired, run-down condition, but most of all by a distorted, discouraged feeling that made me feel inadequate in everything I did. The saddest part of it, to me, was that a mother of several children and the wife of a good man, could be very little help in such a frame of mind. With medical attention, but most of all the beautiful thoughts by your Dr. Preston Bradley, wonders have been worked to restore the sunshine to my heart and soul. So many fears and misgivings have taken flight after hearing that wonderful personality share his knowledge and faith with people like me who have the privilege to hear and understand him.

"I feel that this missive was the very least I could do, to let all the people who make up the hour of hymns, know

how very much they helped one humble person. God bless Dr. Bradley and all the choir for their fine work. Sincerely, Mrs. Alice Hale, 1108 Austin Ave., Lincoln Park, Mich."

Nothing makes Dr. Bradley happier than to hear he has helped someone.

* * *

Many readers of The Liberalist will remember during the war our mention of Robert Osterberg, a member of the Peoples Church, whose name is on our Honor Roll, with a gold star. Robert was one of the finest boys we have ever known. Dr. Bradley preached a tribute to Robert in December, 1944, and he read the prize winning essay written by Robert as a high school student, for the Rogers Park Woman's Club contest, the essay entitled "The World of the Future." Now it is very interesting and gratifying to hear what his mother tells us in a recent letter. We all share in his parents' happiness at this recognition of Robert's work. This essay was also placed by the government in the Congressional Library at Washington. The following is Mrs. Osterberg's letter: "Dear Dr. Bradley:—This is just a little note to explain my reason for sending you a copy of the book 'Our Civic Life and Progress.'

"Inasmuch as the publisher asked our permission to use Robert's essay in the text, I felt you would be interested in having a copy as it was your reading of his essay over the air that caused Mr. Mentzer, the publisher, to write to us.

"Robert's original remarks have been transposed a bit, but his thoughts and ideals remain unchanged.

"As you know, Dr. Bradley, it was Robert's ambition to teach history in High School. Strange, isn't it, that this book should be used in teaching children in first year high school? Most sincerely, (Mrs.) Thordis Osterberg."

Now, I believe we must close the Mail Bag for the present. Please keep the letters coming—keep your shoulders back, your chin up—Spring is on the way!

AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

BOOK CHATS

FIRST in this Book Chat, I am going to call your attention not to one book, but to many, which of course means that I will be unable to take any one of these books and review it. Those of you who are parents of young children of either grammar or high school age, cannot help but notice that all of the literary supplements of our newspapers and magazines have been placing increased emphasis recently on the subject of what youngsters should be reading these days. There are few more important matters before a parent. There is so much glamor and romance in many of the children's programs containing the crime element which are broadcast; and I do not think I even need mention what some moving pictures do to some children, and then there are the "funnies" as well. The influence of these on child life is no longer a question. We know what the influence is, yet nothing, or at least very little seems to be done about it.

The importance of reading, at an age when the child must be read to, and also when the child himself begins to read, is equally as significant an influence as any of those I have mentioned. Parents are beginning to realize this and are more and more interested in the kind of books which children ought to read.

There are some very fine children's authors. There are some interesting, inspiring, helpful and creative books for children. This doesn't mean that they must be preachy or merely moralistic, but that they will project a fundamental truth so artistically that the child will absorb the lesson without knowing he or she is being preached to or at. Not only does good reading result in the child's having better habits of thinking and better ways of living among his playmates and associates, but the right kind of reading will also help the child to understand the many differences and distinctions which exist between races and religions and colors, so that the child will meet the problem with a fortification and equipment that he would never have had. Which means, the child whose mind and heart have been properly opened to the differences between peoples and races will not be susceptible to the viciousness and vulgarities of hate, as he develops into maturity. He will become an integrated individual, will learn how to think through for himself, and will not be so easily swayed by the demagogues and hate mongers, from whom we will now hear with increasing vociferousness and activity.

Every year I call attention to a remarkable service which is being performed by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. Every year a very carefully selected committee, representing all religions and all groups, makes an outline list of books which to read means a better understanding of each other. The committee has given us a selected group of books to be read by youngsters, although I must say, after going over the list rather carefully, it would do many an adult good to read the books. They have divided the list into four divisions. The first division deals with people who stood up for freedom and contains the Hendrik Willem Van Loon great book on Thomas Jefferson; the "Lone Journey," which is the life of Roger Williams; Esther Forbes' "Paul Revere;" Howard Fast's book on "Citizen Tom Paine;" Shirley Graham's biography of "Paul Robeson;" Covelle Newcomb's great biography "Larger Than the Sky," which is the story of James Cardinal Gibbons; and there is the Arna Bontemps' book called "We Have Tomorrow," which contains a short biography of contemporary negroes who have made important contributions to our country. And Howard Fast's book on "Haya Saloman," Son of Liberty; and Jean Burton's book, one which I wish we all would read who think Italy is synonymous with fascism, the story of "Garibaldi," which she calls "Knight of Liberty." Then the biography of that great negro scientist, and he was one of the greatest of all scientists, "Dr. George Washington Carver;" and then for the younger group, the Augusta Stevenson book, called "George Carver; Boy Scientist." If you have a youngster who is mechanically inclined, you can do him no greater favor this Christmas than to give him a copy of the boy scientist, "George Carver."

The second division is a list of books about the People Who Live Among Us. There is the story of "Gid Granger," the Vermont farm boy, and the people of that community; "A Sea Between," by Lavinia R. Davis, which is an honest and revealing novel of the problems older girls face in today's world; and then "Great Day in the Morning," by

Florence Crannell Means, a story of a young negro nurse, that is fascinating; and "Keystone Kids," by John R. Tunis, on one of our most serious problems, and it is faced courageously in the stirring story of professional baseball, which would delight the heart of any lad. And then Anne Emery's book on "Tradition," which is the story of how some 'teen agers helped a Japanese American family find a place in the community. And a book called "The Hundred Dresses," by Eleanor Estes. Because Wanda's name and her dresses were different her classmates were unkind until they learned to understand, and then it was too late. And then there is a very interesting book called "Call Me Charley," by Jesse Jackson, which is the everyday adventures of a young boy at school in a neighborhood where he was the only Negro child. "Star in the Willows," by Katherine Wigmore Eyre, a friendly story of a California ranch and the friendship of two girls, one Mexican, one American. And the book "Told Under the Stars and Stripes," which is a collection of stories of boys and girls whose families came from all countries to live under the stars and stripes.

The next division is called "To Learn From," and the first on that list is "One God," by Florence Mary Fitch, and is an outstanding book about the three great religions of democracy, which will help children to understand and respect the different ways people worship God; next is the "Glass House of Prejudice," by Dorothy Baruch, which I spoke to you about in the January number.

* * *

And now I wish to mention a book with an unusual title because it has impressed me with its importance, "Ideas Have Legs," written by Peter Howard. I have made inquiries several places and few people even know of the book. It was published the 16th of last September and the American public has almost passed it by. This is pitiful, because it is one of the most significant books which has come my way in a long time. 180,000 copies of the book have already been sold in Great Britain; the book has been published in Canada, India, Denmark and South Africa, and is now being published in Australia and Holland, while editions are in preparation in French and German. The book is attracting a great deal of attention throughout the world. We in America seem to be neglecting it. During the critical London meeting of the United Nations, the New York Times carried a two-column wire photo from London, headed "United Nations Delegates Read 'Ideas Have Legs.'" It pictured the representative from Iran, on whose table lay two copies of this thought-moving book. The book portrays by one of the most powerful writers in the world today, a clue to meeting the problems of this confused world which are facing the democracies. Peter Howard, the author, was former political columnist for the Beaverbrook Press. His writings had over three million readers a day. Not only the leaders of labor, but the leaders of industry as well, have become tremendously interested in the book. In a statement issued recently, twenty representatives of labor said "'Ideas Have Legs' is the book for the moment, because it shows how the ordinary man can fight for the spirit of democracy," while five of the highest and most powerful industrialists of Britain sent copies to the 5,000 leaders of industry because "it presents a program adequate to the difficulties that lie ahead." "Ideas Have Legs" is the story of the next twenty years in the making. Howard's diagnosis has the refreshment of valid hope, and unlike so many authors and commentators, who are constantly criticizing and con-

demning and who never seem to get beyond the diagnosis stage, the author of "Ideas Have Legs," goes beyond criticism and outlines a cure. Dewitt Mackenzie, in speaking of this book says that the "author has emphasized a profound truth for us; that ideas do have legs and they travel fast and far, for they need no ships to cross the seas. Indeed they move with such speed that the idea conceived and born by the passion of one heart can shape and change the lives of millions, leading great nations on to destruction or destiny." Whether you agree or not with the moral re-armament program—under names like "The Oxford Group Movement" inaugurated by Dr. Frank Buchman—Peter Howard makes out an effective and telling argument for the theory that the basis of all permanent recovery for the world is to be found in moral re-armament. There is a moral aspect to every problem and Peter Howard maintains that when the heart of man is sufficiently sensitive to what is right and what is wrong, and then has the courage to do the right in spite of opposition, criticism or whatever happens, we will be on the way up and out in the world. Yes, "Ideas Have Legs," by Peter Howard is a book which ought to be a best seller and which I hope you will read.—P. B.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FOR DECEMBER

1—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church

2—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

3—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Municipal Art League
Radio address. WGN
Address. Junior Book Week, Chicago Public Library

4—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Opened Bazaar. Peoples Church

5—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Joint Comm., Board of Education, Public Library
Radio address. WGN
Bazaar. Peoples Church

6—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Fiftieth Anniversary Ill. College of Commerce
Bazaar. Peoples Church

8—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church

9—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Joint Comm., Board of Education, Public Library
Radio address. WGN
Address. Henry Horner Lodge, B'nai Brith

10—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

11—Radio address. WLS
Address. Lincoln Park Kiwanis Club
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

12—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. North Side Animal Shelter

13—Radio address. WLS
Address. Illinois Bus Assn.
Radio address. WGN
Address. Engineers' Club

15—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church

16—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
17—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
18—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
19—Radio address. WLS
Address. South Side Cleaners & Dyers Assn.
Radio address. WGN
20—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Church School Party, Peoples Church
22—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Candlelight Service. Peoples Church
23—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Candlelight Service. Peoples Church
24—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Christmas Eve Service. Peoples Church
25—Radio address. WLS
Christmas Service. Peoples Church
Radio address. WGN
26—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
27—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
28—Address. 43rd Anniversary Memorial Service, Iroquois Theatre Fire
29—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
30—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Daughters of Colonial Dames
31—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Watch Night Service. Peoples Church

CHRISTENINGS

1—Barbara Anne Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Y. Johnson
Judith Anne Scheets, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Scheets
David Eric Weberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cliston Weberg
8—Gordon Emerson Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Smith
Gwendolin Frances Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bruce
11—Jacob Modjeska
17—Carol Meyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Meyer
22—Craig Leonard Hodges, son of Mr and Mrs. Leonard Hodges
28—Richard Clarence Umenhofer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Umenhofer.
29—Daniel John Nechrony, son of Mr and Mrs. Daniel Nechrony

WEDDINGS

7—Gordon E. Rasmussen and Rose Marie Yearling
11—Jacob Modjeska and Henrietta L. Weyrauch
18—C. F. Rogier and Lolita Kinder
20—Helmer Engel and Dorothy Peek
21—Julius Wm. Bangs and Mildred E. Turner
Harold L. Noelting and Olive Jane Lemen
22—Sydney Dishler and Martha Hornsby
James K. Grunig and Jeanne Scott

Morris Winters and
'Verona Etscheit
23—Edward LeMar and
Mae Matthews
Edward D. Kemble and
Virginia Kellett
29—Otto Mattke and
Violena Hothan
31—Arthur F. Guhl and
Nina E. Hatley
Harry Wilkin and
Martha Enochs
Carl Hassell and
Gertrude Thelin
Bernard Davis and
Marvel Luman

FUNERALS

6—Paul Hirt
7—Mrs. Homer Foster
John Spohr
9—C. C. Scott
11—Mathias Peterson
12—Mrs. Rachel Husband
13—Mary Albright
17—Michael Koch
18—John Toman
19—Elmer Hendrickson
20—Thomas Temple Hoyne
Mrs. Emily Severin
23—Olga Menn
24—Mrs. Ida W. Gloede
27—Ella Loquist
Lou K. Smith
28—Mrs. Gertrude Bartsch
30—Henry Simpson

WHAT IS LIBERAL RELIGION?

By REV. WALDEMAR ARGOW

Minister of The Peoples Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa

(Correction:—The January number of The Liberalist contained the first instalment of this article by Mr. Argow:—The name of the author was omitted through no fault of our own in the January number. Of all the articles that I have ever read on what is a Peoples or a Liberal Church this is the best. I secured the permission of the author to publish it in the Liberalist. The author is the Rev. Waldemar Argow, the distinguished young minister of The Peoples Church, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. I have known Mr. Argow since he was a small boy and his father was minister of the same church which he now occupies. He is having a great ministry in Cedar Rapids and will be heard from increasingly as one of the great, prophetic liberal voices of this nation. You will recall it was from this pulpit that Dr. Joseph Fort Newton was called to the great City Temple of London, England. We apologize to Mr. Argow for omitting his name in the first issue.—P.B.)

Faith in Man

The third splendid characteristic of liberal religion is its faith in man. Here again we differ radically with our orthodox brethren. For traditional Christianity does not have this faith in man. It maintains that man is conceived in sin, that he is essentially unworthy, and that he cannot hope, by himself, to solve the problems that confront him. All of this we reject absolutely, one hundred per cent. Religious liberals are not fatalists. We do not believe that man's destiny is predetermined or that he is incapable of solving whatever problems may come against him. Instead, WE BELIEVE IN MAN AND IN THE ULTIMATE PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN RACE. We believe that man can progress just as rapidly as he overcomes fear, ignorance and superstition, and that as he does so there are no obstacles he will not be able to supersede.

This church maintains (and I want to stress the point because it is a great idea) *that liberal religion is the religion of democracy.* Why? Because democracy is based upon faith in man. The whole structure of democracy rests upon the assumption that man is essentially good, that he is capable of cooperating with his fellows, that he has the intelligence and native ability to work out satisfactory answers to the problems of human society. And this, of course, is the great affirmation of the liberal faith. It is not too much to say that democracy is liberal religion expressed in terms of social action. Our whole position, as members of this church and as citizens of a democracy, rests upon our belief that the spirit of man, which is a manifestation of God, is the most magnificent thing in the universe and contains infinite potentialities.

Faith in Religion as Social Action

The fourth characteristic of liberal religion (and this may be the most important of all at the present time) is the liberal's insistence upon action in religion as well as belief. Here once again we break with our orthodox colleagues. They maintain that belief is the all-important thing in religion. Thou shalt believe the Nicene and the Apostles' Creeds; thou shalt believe such-and-such about the supernatural nature of Christ. Belief is the great prerequisite. How that belief affects your personal conduct, whether or not it does anything to ameliorate conditions in the world, run a poor second in importance.

We reverse that attitude completely. We say belief has meaning only as it expresses itself in some kind of practical action. The reason why I am in the ministry is not because I am interterested in talking about an antique assortment of theological abstractions, but because I see the desperate need for intelligent social action and do believe that liberal religion, when rightly interpreted, can point out reasons for many of our problems and can help supply the motivation which will be necessary to solve them.

Belief is necessary, of course, and the true religious liberal has convictions to spare, but the other half of the story, which is so terribly important today, is the way we express those beliefs in practical action. I almost despair when I look at the Saturday church page of the Cedar Rapids Gazette and see that of the sixty sermons preached in this city every Sunday morning, fifty-five of them have nothing to do with this whole second half of religion. That a sermon has anything to do with religion just because it is about the Bible or the geography of Palestine is a ridiculous assumption. Most of the sermons I have heard on the Bible had little to do with religion. They did not motivate me to righteous conduct; they did not make clear what I ought to do here in this present world; they did not discuss, or even mention, the multitudinous problems to which I have got to give my attention if those problems are ever going to be solved.

Personally, I react violently against this failure of the Christian church to realize that religion has got to be expressed in terms of constructive social action. One of the glories of liberal religion is that it does try to make us practice what we preach, to take the fine words we bandy about so freely on Sunday mornings and apply them to the hard realities of everyday living. FOR WE BELIEVE THAT GOD IS BEST SERVED, NOT THROUGH RITUAL, PRAYER MEETINGS, OR THE RECITATION OF CREEDS BUT BY THE WAY IN WHICH MEN LIVE THEIR LIVES AND BY THE SERVICE THEY RENDER

TO THE WELFARE OF ALL. *We believe the will of God is expressed through good men seeking to build a better society.* And here we find ourselves in the direct tradition of the great Hebrew prophets who maintained that social justice and righteousness are the acid test of religion. We liberals take our stand with Amos, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel.

Character—a Test of Religion

The fifth tenet of liberal religion, growing out of the fourth, is the conviction that character is also the test of a man's religion. Everyone knows about the case of Mr. X. He is the fellow who goes to church faithfully each Sunday morning and takes up the collection in a cloud of piety and self-righteousness. Then comes Monday morning, and in business and every other relationship he betrays himself for the selfish, grasping creature he really is. The explanation of Mr. X is simple enough. Religion in his life has been an unctuous, pseudo-pious hypocrisy. It has made no impression whatsoever on the character of the man. He can parrot all of the Biblical texts and creedal statements he wants to, he can be "saved" by every evangelist who comes along, but actually this man has no more religion than the parrot he resembles.

Professions of belief, church attendance, the mechanical following of ritual are no test of religion. But examine a man's character, see how it has unfolded like a flower in the sunlight, how the man has become more sensitive, kindly, just in his dealings, and you will be using a valid measuring stick of religion. *For the test of religion is what happens to us inwardly, spiritually, and the way we conduct ourselves outwardly, socially.*

Not "Just a System of Ethics"

Sometimes I am asked the question, "But isn't liberal religion just a system of ethics, and not a religious position at all?" Definitely, "No!" A system of ethics is simply a group of rules we ought to follow in order to lead a good life. There is no motivation, no attempt made to induce us to follow those rules. It is a take-it or leave-it proposition. Whereas religion not only presents rules or principles of conduct; it also tries to motivate and urge us to live by them.

And that is exactly what we do in the Peoples Church every Sunday. We present every rational argument we can think of and appeal to every worthy emotion to persuade ourselves to do those various things we ought to do. We do not present irrational arguments or appeal to unworthy emotions. And because religion so often makes that kind of appeal, people sometimes think we liberals are outside the religious category. Yet I do not know of any other group today which is trying more desperately than the liberal church to motivate people and to get them to do what must be done in our time.

And as for the charge that we have no positive beliefs, I have already pointed out how utterly false that is. What a glorious thing is our faith in freedom, reason, man, the necessity for social righteousness, the test of character, the potentialities of the human spirit! Show me any other faith that believes half as much. Orthodox religion has serious doubts on every one of these scores. *Why, if there is any large, valid criticism of liberal religion,* IT IS THAT WE BELIEVE TOO MUCH!

Our Definition is All-Inclusive

Everything which has been said in this article so far really leads to a simple conclusion: our liberal definition of religion is so broad and all-

inclusive that it cannot be captured between the boundaries of a single definition. We do not limit our meaning of the term to a matter of churches, preachers, sermons and creeds. *For us religion is found wherever men work together to achieve a better world.* We feel that the principle behind the social agencies of this city, behind the social action committee of our church, behind the United Nations Organization is a profoundly religious one. We believe that Wendell Willkie proclaiming his One World principle and presenting his six-point platform with regard to the Negro was performing a grand religious function. Religious liberals suspect that Jesus understood the impossibility of confining religion within a single definition, and that when he borrowed these words from his Hebrew ancestors he said about as much as any man can say, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?"

The most frequent criticism I hear of the sermons in our church is that they may be effective lectures, but they do not have enough to do with religion. As vigorously as I can, I want to deny that charge. What it means, apparently, is that our sermons do not have much to do with the traditional subject matter of homiletics — the "Daniel in the Lions' Den" or "Moses in the Bullrushes" sort of thing, or the kind of primitive nonsense which passes for religion on the radio.

Actually, I have never preached a sermon in Cedar Rapids which I did not believe was 95 per cent religious in nature. Because they indicate a good deal, look at our sermon subjects for a given month. The first was on the need for developing a kind of global religion here in the modern world which would embrace all men, not just Christians, or Hindus, or Moslems. The second was on the need for purging ourselves of antiquated notions about race, and applying in concrete terms the principles of the brotherhood of man. The next was on the necessity of feeling a moral obligation to help feed the starving peoples of Europe. And the last had to do with increasing our self-confidence so that we could stand up straight, fearless and conscience-free as men and women worthy to be called the children of God. Now if that is not religion, right straight down the line all the way, then I am afraid we do not know what the word means.

The Hope of Liberal Religion

In conclusion, I would like to express a conviction which I believe, and I think that every member of the Peoples Church believes with all his heart: THAT LIBERAL RELIGION, INTERPRETED AT ITS BROADEST AND BEST, CAN BE THE HOPE OF THIS STRANGE AND FEARSOME ATOMIC WORLD. Fervently we believe this to be true because our faith embraces all religions; because it is the only one which has not quarrel with science but works with science to create a finer, happier world; because dissatisfied with mere preachment, it attempts practically to realize justice, equality, tolerance and brotherhood; because it believes that man is a creature of infinite capacity who is capable of making come true the ancient dream of a kingdom of heaven upon the earth.

Here in these days of crisis when the world trembles between catastrophe and a golden age, we invite all who share the hopes and beliefs of this article to join the fellowship of the Peoples Church, of this faith in man who is a child of destiny and who will yet shape a future bright beyond all imagining and every dream.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

35th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)..... 11:00 a.m.
CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.... 9:30 a.m.
SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not broadcast)..... 7:30 p.m.
WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.
CHOIR REHEARSAL Fridays—Auditions 7:30—Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meets every two weeks, Anderson Hall)
Feb. 3, Reciprocity Day. Mrs. Earl E. Clark, Chrm. and Mrs. J. P. Wahlman, Co-Chrm., Internat. Rel. Dept., will present Mrs. Peter Dauzvardis in "Lithuanian Lore," assisted by Mrs. Ona Pieza, Soprano. Mrs. Zita Simutis, Accompanist. All artists in costume. Mrs. E. M. Berger and Miss Ethel Fowler, Hostesses..... 1:00 p.m.
Feb. 17, Annual Birthday Party and Reception to New Members. Mrs. Frank Bryan, Chrm. Luncheon will be served. Guest Artist: Walter Flandorf. Mrs. Geo. Staub, Art Chrm., will present Sylvia O'Neill. Subject: "What's New in Antiques?"..... 12:30 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meets 1st and 3rd Monday, Anderson Hall)
Feb. 3, Discussion: "American Authors"..... 8:00 p.m.
Feb. 20, Philanthropic Card Party. Gertrude McCord, Dorthea Thompson, Chrm..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB (Meets every 4th Monday in Anderson Hall)

USHER'S CLUB (Meets 4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall)..... 8:00 p.m.
Karl H. Lemke, Sec., 3536 N. Bosworth Ave., Bit. 3764

PRESTON BRADLEY VETERAN'S ORGANIZATION (Meets 1st and 3rd Tues. each month)..... 8:00 p.m.
Marvin A. McDaniel Commander, 6522 N. Clark St.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB (Meets on Notice)..... 8:00 p.m.
Jane Jones, Pres., 1261 Argyle St., Ard. 9301

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM of the Church School. (Meets 2nd Monday each month in Anderson Hall)
Earl S. Neindorf, Pres.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS, J. Bradley-Griffin, Dir., 1642 N. Clark St., Mic. 7766. Drama Tea first Sunday each month. Membership auditions second Sunday each month. New production opens first Saturday each month. For details of February activities, see page 22.

THE CHANNING CLUB (Meets every other Monday in Bradley Hall) Joan Pink, Pres.; 4608 Hazel St., Ard. 1482. All young people of high school are cordially invited to join..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 187 (Meets every Tuesday in Anderson Hall) 8:00 p.m.
Betty Boaz, Leader.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning Service..... 11:00 to 12:30 p.m.
WLS—"Hymns of All Churches" (ABC Network—200 stations) Monday through Friday..... 9:25 a.m.
WGN—Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

The following people were welcomed into membership in The Peoples Church on Sunday, January 5, 1947:

Mr. L. Owen Armstrong
Mrs. Evelyn N. Brandt (from First Methodist Church of Galesburg, Ill.)
Mr. and Mrs. Lee J. Brieger
Mr. Charles T. Carll, Rock Island, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cobb (from Christian Church of Fletcher, Okla.)
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas W. Edmondson (from Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y.)
Miss Hazel Dawn Fontaine
Mrs. Marion Keith-Jones
Miss Helen Kinslow
Miss Helen E. Kupec
Miss Henrietta B. Lytel
Mrs. Dorothy Mannix
Mrs. Vera Martin
Mr. Dwight Moore
Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Nagel
Mrs. Frances Vose, Sturgeon Bay, Wisc.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts
J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

Temporary Headquarters and School
1642 N. Clark St., Michigan 7766

* * *

FEBRUARY PRODUCTION

"TONIGHT AT 8:30"

a group of three one act comedies by
Noel Coward
including
"WAYS AND MEANS"
"FUMED OAK," and
"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA"
presented
Thursday evening, February 6, and
Saturday evenings, February 8, 15, and 22
at the
Eleventh St. Theater
62 E. 11th St.
Curtain 8:30 p.m.

* * *

FEBRUARY DRAMA TEA

One Act Plays
under the direction of members.
in
Anderson Hall, The Peoples Church
Sunday, February 2, 4 p.m.

* * *

FEBRUARY SPOTLIGHT

Jerry Schmall

in a book review

"NEW ORLEANS WOMAN"

By H. T. Kane

Anderson Hall, The Peoples Church

Tuesday, Feb. 11, 8 p.m.

COMING: MARCH ATTRACTION

"KIND LADY"

a psycho-mystery drama

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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941 Lawrence Avenue,
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